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Heart Leaves



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MISS LIZZIE A. SCHANTZ
Danvers, Illinois

Heart Leaves

By Lizzie A. Schantz

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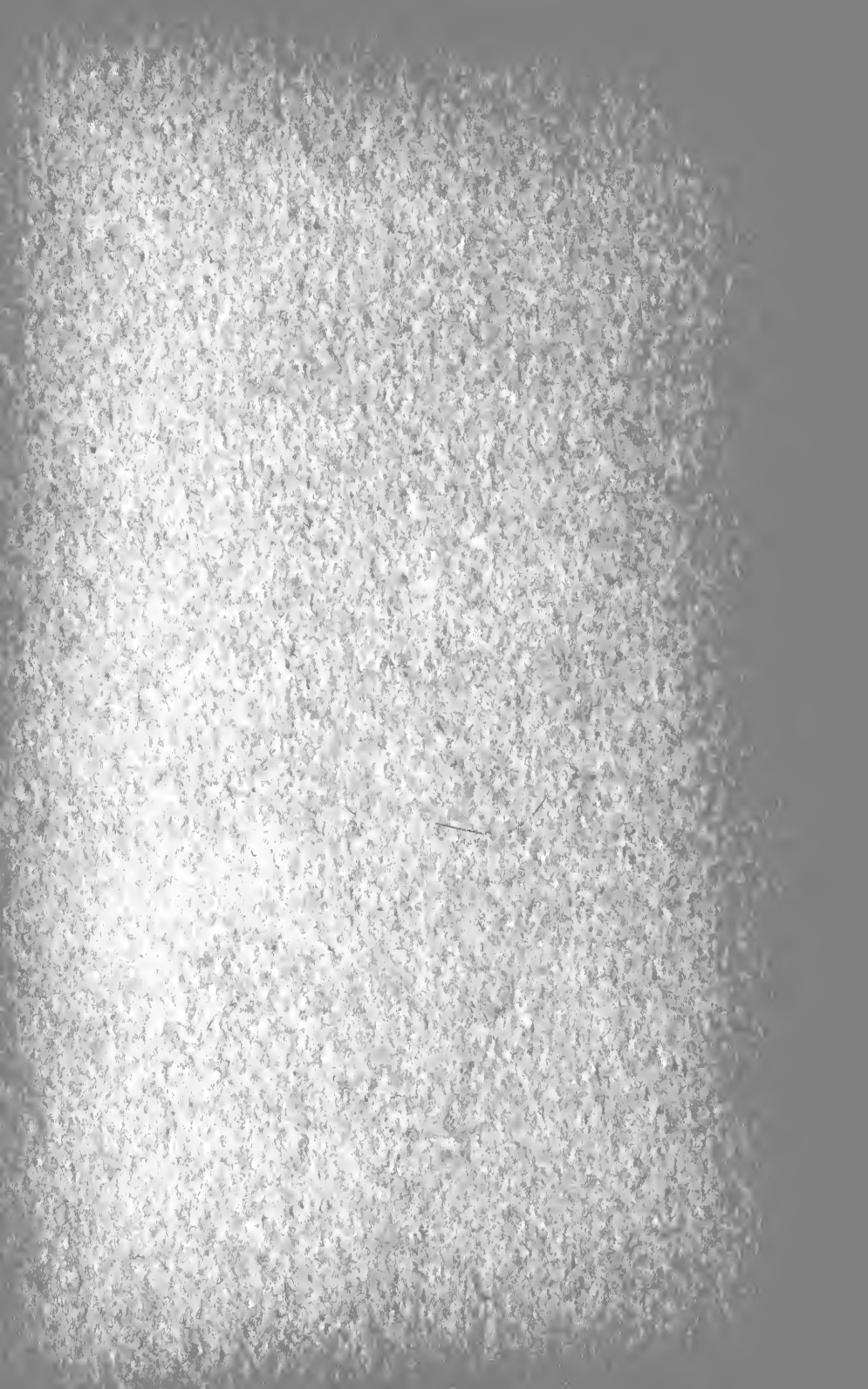
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"For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey
When the Angel says: 'Write!'"

—Longfellow.



A Winter Night

Through the bare trees the angry north wind roars,
Laden with snowflakes; wildly the branches toss
And seem to battle with the raging storm;
Now for a short brief space it's strength is spent,
Again with added fury it bursts forth,
Whirling the feathery snowflakes high in air.

'Tis night, and not a star is seen o'erhead,
Afar one flickering light shines dim
Through the thick darkness that enwraps the land.
There is a charm in nature when the winds
Rush from the north; the icelocked stream, the
snow,

Fast'ning, as it falls, on every tree and shrub,
Until the whole world is a robe of white,
Makes scene as fair as ever was portrayed.

Would summer's loveliness be half as great
If winter's winds would ne'er o'ersweep the earth?
Where were the beauty of the op'ning rose,
The balmy summer air, the song bird's note,
If the white snow did never cover all?

And so in life, the darkest hour will pass,
The sun but shines the brighter after rain;
Adversity's chill blasts will rise and storm,
Yet are they but the minor chords that help
To make the music of our lives complete.

Sweet sleep, come, weave o'er me thy gentle spell,
Sweet dreams, come, lend thy charms to my repose,
Wind send abroad thy plaintive voice tonight;
Who does not love to listen to thy strains
Music of winter! Breathe sweetest melody.

Lull me to sleep.

“Until Death Do Us Part”

In the soft September sunshine
You are standing by my side,
Overhead in autumn beauty
Blue the sky is reaching wide;
In my heart a ray of gladness
Brighter than the sun, has shone,
For today the words were spoken
That have made you all my own;
Mine to guard and cherish always
As the treasure of my heart,
I'll be true to you, my darling,
“Until death do us part.”

With your blessed presence near me
I can walk the darkest way,
Careless what the future brings me
Since you are my own today.
Place your hand in mine, beloved,
Let me look into your eyes,
There the blue of heaven lives always,
There love's sunshine ever lies.
And the earnest prayer that ever
Thus I'll stand, goes from my heart,
Heaven above and you beside me
“Until death do us part.”

The Heart's Desire

When the morning light is breaking in the distant
eastern sky,
When, triumphant in the heavens, bright the noon-
day sun shines high,
When the twilight shadows gather, grow and
lengthen broad and deep.
And beneath night's dusky mantle all the world is
hushed to sleep,
I am haunted by the vision of a pair of tender
eyes,
In my waking hours they're with me, even in my
dreams arise.

Must I not obey their language? When they call
must I not go
When, within their light to linger earth to paradise
doth grow?
Count as less than naught the frowning of a world
that disapproves?
When the arms I love enfold me care I for it's
hates or loves?
When, to follow where they lead me satisfies the
heart's unrest,
And the fulness of contentment comes to dwell
within my breast?

Dearest heart! my life can hold no happiness apart
from thee,
Pleasures vanish where thou art not, where thou
art is bliss to me;
Casting all upon the altar, joyfully to thee I
come

From thy lips to drink in rapture, in thy arms to
find my home;
Nevermore from thee divided, ever thy dear face
to see,
For my love can know no ending, but lives through
eternity.

Asleep

In Memory of J. C. O.

E'er the burning heat of noonday
Had descended on his forehead
He grew weary of the journey,
Closed his eyes and fell asleep;
When the glory of the Maytime
Rested on the hills and valleys,
And a whisper of the summer
Through the woods began to creep.

By the forest trees surrounded,
Where the wild wood birds are calling,
Where, across the crumbling tombstones
Tangled weeds and grasses sway;
In a spot now world forgotten,
Near the old haunts of his boyhood,
Quietly to sleep they laid him
Till the resurrection day.

Some Day

Some day the chords that draw you close to
me

Shall slip away, and we shall both be free;
And you will laugh at words you once have said,
And I shall blush at thoughts of what once fed
My heart with warmth and light from realms o'er-
head,

Some day the delusive veil will lifted be
And we shall see the bare reality;
The mockery of idle tales once told,
The worthless baubles which we once did hold
Dearer and sweeter than either fame or gold.

Some day the faintest whisper, smile or sigh,
As light as summer zephyrs floating by,
Shall serve to take the wavering fancy hence,
Reveal to the awakened mind and sense,
A heart where dwells but cold indifference.

Some day no more my lips shall feel your kiss,
Your soft caress that fills my soul with bliss;
Each shall view passion's death without regret,
Our lives drift far apart, our hearts forget,
Be sure, some day, but O, not now,—not yet.

The Harper

Harper, with thy mystic numbers
Thou hast waked the drowsy night,
Chased the shadows into flight;
When, with magical, swift fingers
Thou dost sweep the golden strings,
Lo, the darkness wakes and sings.

Cans't thou guess what deep emotions
Start and kindle in the heart,
Called to life beneath thy art?
Feelings that I thought had perished,
Shrouded in the silent tomb,
Burst once more to sudden bloom.

Thine the power to voice the throbbings
Of the world's great heart at will;
Much I owe thy subtle skill.
Wizard! thou hast charmed the sunshine
And the breath and bloom of May
Where the spell of winter lay.

The Happy Present

Tonight you are mine, and the roses bloom,
And a shower of light illumines the gloom,
And the gay, wild music rings sweeter and clearer
As moment by moment the present grows dearer,
And the past's barren pathways forgotten lie
As in laughter and music the hours go by.

Tonight you are mine; O life you are sweet!
O world full of gladness and glory complete!
I knew not your gifts such delights could bestow,
I dreamed not my heart of such sweetness could
 know
As that which transforms the whole weary old
 earth
To a rose scented planet of sunshine and mirth.

Tonight you are mine, what more can life hold?
Of what deeper contentment has lip ever told
With your arms clasped around me, your breath
 on my cheek,
And the mad music echoing the words that you
 speak,
As we float on the waves of a passion of pleasure
That voice cannot utter, and mind cannot meas-
 ure?

What reck we of that which tomorrow may be!
Tomorrow may ne'er dawn for you and for me.
Life beats in the pulses tonight, warm and strong,
Love chords the heart-throbs to an exquisite song;
We ask for no happiness sweeter than this,
And a few short hours hold a lifetime of bliss.

Heart Hunger

O best beloved, couldst thou only know
The powerless, gnawing hunger of the heart
That cries out night and morning in its woe,
When the dusk gathers till the stars depart;—

Cries out its single burning, wild desire,
All that it now but asks of earthly bliss—
With deathless longing and with passionate fire.
The one unceasing prayer, but this, but this—

Just to behold thy face! to meet the glance
Of eyes that looked in mine with tenderness.
Alas my heart! o'er all earth's vast expanse,
By noon or night, love's presence but can bless.

Estranged

Where lay the fault, since fault there was, I wonder,
Say, was it yours or mine?

The sweetest thing that breathed the heavens under,

On which the sun did shine

You seemed to me, and now today we stand

With unresponsive eye, and unclasped hand,

Of all that once has been, the gleam and glory—

There lives no trace, no sign.

We go our ways; life yet may hold some brightness,
Things beautiful and sweet;

The lips will laugh again, with seeming lightness

Once more the heart will beat.

But know this, friend, my very best I've given

To you, who were to me a thought of heaven,

Offered the heart's pure gold, it's goodliest treasures,

And laid them at your feet.

For Love's Sake

One day Love came and entered at my door,
And as I bade her tarry at my side,
Thus did she speak: "The heart, where I abide,
Must leave all else to which it cleaved before,
Pay homage at my altar night and day,
In hourly sacrifices never tire,
And beat with but one feeling, one desire,
In service sweet to waste itself away."

"And what, then, will the guerdon be?" I cried,
And this her answer: "Sorrow shalt thou see,
Tears as the rain shall thy companions be,
And whitecheeked Pain shall dwell close by thy
side."

And tho my heart grew sad when thus she spake,
So glorious was her form, her face so fair,
I held her close, content to take my share
Of pain, tears, sorrow, all—for dear Love's sake.

In the Harbor

Today I look upon the long months gone,
Months filled with grief and bitter wretchedness,
As on a dream, and marvel how they passed;
Yet this at length I find, that not in vain
They came to me, some good remains behind.
The mem'ries hidden close within my heart,
As white and sweet as lilies that we place
Upon the breast of our beloved dead,
These they have left; I have been brought more
near
To all God's humblest creatures every where.
I had not known what human hearts can feel,
What minds can suffer, yea, I had not lived
Had I not known the night as well as day.

Respite

My soul, thou dwellest in a goodly land,
Where vales are green, and peaceful waters glide;
Rest here, my soul, and be thou satisfied;
Rest here, my soul, nor seek to understand
The misty future that before thee lies;
The present smiles as Indian summer days
That bring thee dreamful airs and golden haze,
And after, barren fields and frowning skies.

Sorrow

Somewhere in dimlit paths of future years
Where shadows dwell, with arms outstretched,
she waits

To lead the shrinking soul within her gates,
There to receive it's dismal dower of tears;
And closer than is Love's is her embrace,
And far more loath her ling'ring feet to go,
And thou wilt know her pallid tear-washed face,
And wasted form, in sable robes of woe.

And each and all will sometime meet her there,
Although the spirit struggle and rebel;
And some there are who with her long must
dwell,
And some have perished in a cold despair;
But he whose heart is true, whose faith is sure,
From out her shadows purified will move,
Stronger in soul to labor and endure,
Richer in mercy, tenderness and love.

My Books

With reverent hands I turn the precious pages
That speak to me in voices from the past
The mighty thots gigantic minds have cast
Upon the world, to live thru coming ages.

The hidden war the passionate heart wages
Here lies revealed; the hopes that bloomed and
died;
The tales of joy or woe, of pain and pride,
The passion that with helpless fury rages.

The earth groans 'neath it's burden of distress,
The glorious mission shall be yours forever
With Beauty's smile our hungry lives to bless.

My friends, from whom nor time nor place can
sever!

Others may pass away or love me less,
You still remain, unchanged, to wander never.

A Farewell

"Take thou the path apart," so Fate hath spoken,
And I needs must obey;
Farewell at last, I shall possess thee never
On all my future way.

Not here, while walks the soul it's destined path-
way,
Though sad or glad it be,
Nor yet beyond the tomb, when time is ended,
In all eternity.

The Poet

One sang, and many turned aside to hear,
And they whose souls were fashioned to conceive
The beautiful, still listened with delight,
And inly blest the singer and the song,
Till far and wide, in countless homes, the strains
Flowed from the lips, familiar and beloved;
And often the charmed world, half envying, said:
"What joy must fill the soul that thus can soar
Above the woes of earth, its pains and cares
And bless and beautify the lives of men
With treasures gathered from the realm of tho't.

And far away a lonely woman dwelt,
Whose feeble flesh had often shrunk beneath
The touch of pain, and who in silence bore
A bitter fate, and fed a hungry heart
On dreams of love, and for the power of song
Paid with the loss of all life held most sweet.

Charity

I bear thee on my heart,
Now while thy young life feels its first distress,
Thy young lips taste their first of bitterness,
When peace has fled, and hope and courage fade,
Helpless my arms, and powerless to aid,
Each day, each hour I bear thee on my heart.

The night of sin is dark,
The shadows deep, but love can find thee still,
Love, strong to suffer, to endure all ill,
Before the mercy seat doth make her plea
Praying that God be gracious unto thee.
Love finds thee still, although the night is dark.

To A Sufferer

As dull today gives place to sad tomorrow,
And one sure doom thy weary eyes doth greet,
As slow, with feeble steps thou threadst the
street,
Fain from the warmth and light new strength to
borrow—

And seemingly unknown to pain or sorrow
The many forms push by with eager feet,
So full of busy life, hopes high and sweet,
And thine the pain strewn pathway, steep and nar-
row—

Remember, they to whom, perchance, today
Sometimes half wistfully thy glance is roving,
Likewise will hear the call from work or play.

A brief time more for toiling, hoping, loving,
Till these, too, reach at last upon their way,
The destiny to which we all are moving.

Tomorrow

Flecked with the sunshine and the clouds of fate,
Thou waitest, beyond mortal ken or sight;
A thief, to rob me of my small delight;
A lover, for whose glad approach I wait.

Through present calm we hear thy tempests rain,
Cheating the soul of pleasures of today,
Chasing the laughter on our lips away
With visions of what thou do'st hold of pain.

When slow hours drag, and sorrow lingers late,
The parched soul, thirsting for the draught denied,
Whispers its hope e'er yet the tears are dried:
"Tomorrow's joys will surely compensate."

Tomorrow! in thy lap our hopes we lay,
To thee the millions look in joy or dread;
On the elated heart thy gloom is shed;
Thy promise lifts the burdens of today.

A Memory

Thou wert fair! thou wert fair! not the beauty of
aught on the land or the sea,
With all that is brightest and sweetest, can rival
the glory in thee;
For thou camest how? who that could answer? who
sent thee the heart could not know,
But received thee unasking, undoubting, as the best
that this life could bestow;
And for silence and gloom there was laughter, for
want there was plenteous store,
And the glad light streamed into the chambers that
were empty and cheerless before.

O the whole being welcomed thy coming! O the
woe and the waiting were long!
And the heart could not hide its rejoicing, but
broke into rapturous song;
And the song was a psalm of thanksgiving, a jubi-
lant hymn of delight
That greeted the light of the morning and sang on
thru the silence of night;
For the joys that were mine with thy coming made
the hours with gladness replete,
And were all but the purest and fairest, with no
bitter, but only the sweet.

And now that thou'rt dead I will fold thee in gar-
ments all precious and bright,
The sunshine dyed garments of splendor that were
woven for thee by Delight,
And lay thee away in a corner of the innermost
shrine of the heart

Where Memory looks on thee often as the years
with their sorrows depart;
Embalmed in the dews and the moonshine, no decay
shall steal over thy form,
But lovely, as in thy brief lifetime, thou remainest,
bright, glorious and warm.

The Larger Grief

We shrink from grief that summons up the tears
Forth from the heart wells, and the shadows
press

A while upon us, and the darkness hears
The choking sobs that voice the soul's distress.

But O, God help us in the greater woe
That sweeps the whole life empty, we beseech!
The dry eyed anguish that no voice can know,
But lies beyond the reach of tears or speech.

The Empty Nest

Not many a moon has hung her amber light
In yonder peaceful heaven since thou wert gay
With blithesome voices that aroused the day,
Or crooned to rest a tired world at night;
Now have thy merry tenants taken flight,
And where the erstwhile bannered branches sway
Aeolus wails a wierd spun roundelay
And cruel rains make sad thy hapless plight.
Thou tiny home! I look on thee until
Something of pity in my heart has grown.
Well should thy mute forlornness touch me when
Thou art a symbol of my heart that still
Cries out,—an empty nest whence song has flown
“Come back dear love, and make me glad again.”

Self Knowledge

"Not so we choose to walk, not thus we do,"

We say, when hearts are free, the world's yoke
light,

And proudly think to read-ourselves aright
When life is good to taste and skies are blue.

Till, lo! some great heart tragedy doth chase

The mists asunder, and reveals at last

What years disclosed not, and we look, aghast,
On our own souls, as on a stranger's face.

Desolate

Ah well I know, when first your anxious eyes
Followed my steps, the will that urged my feet
Into the way that fancy counted sweet,
Nor would forsake, was neither good nor wise;
Till lo, one came whose home is in the skies,
And where was will of mine his will to meet?
He taught me all things, and with power replete,
Made old things new and brought back paradise.
Now he is gone, (my story is not new,)
And the dull mind's eye can no longer see
The things without, but only things within;
Ah, had Love stayed his shining feet I too
Had striven not unworthily, for he
Who casts out fear, doth also cast out sin.

Song to the Nightwind

Nightwind, that with whispers tender
Woo'st the clouds to thy breast
In a song no tongue can render,
Sing my heart into rest.
Spread thy wild wings o'er a valley
That lies low, where sweet sun dally
With the pine-gemmed forest's splendor
In the heart of the west.

O shreds of a past
Where the heart leaves were shed!
That sleeps and wakes and murmurs,
Living ever, tho dead.

Crooning nightwind, tender lover,
Matchless minstrel thou art;
While thy pinions round me hover
Hear the voice of my heart.
Take the tears, of love a token,
All the grief unheard, unspoken,
But the goldspun hours lived over
Leave till time shall depart.

O shreds of a past
Where the heart leaves were shed!
That sleeps and wakes and murmurs,
Living ever, tho dead.

The Flirt

He has not found her fair, his voice replies
Nought to the call from out her spirit's need—
The God, whose altar fires thousands feed
With living hearts, a joyful sacrifice,—
On others he has smiled, but has withstood
Her plea of outstretched arms, who might have
been
Her soul's best talisman and shield from sin,
The pride and glory of her womanhood.

Therefore, because Love hears not, though her
whole
Soul cries to him, one is her frequent guest
Who wears Love's garments, in his likeness
dressed,
The outward form of light without the soul;
And as she stoops to drink his amorous breath
The idle mimicry seems real, quite,
And the world hears, nor are its judgments
light,
But sees not the sad heart that beats beneath.

The Universal Question

When the glorious light broke forth with joy
The wonders of life to trace,
And the word was said that sent a world
To swing in measureless space,
And thot on thot disclosed to view
Fresh visions of truth and grace,—

When being was beauty, life linked to life,
A harmonious brotherhood,
And man, newcome from the Maker's touch,
In His image and likeness stood,
The Lord of the universe viewed His work
And saw that it was good.

Had the Master Builder's judgment erred
Or wrought an imperfect plan?
Had the Infinite less than the perfect thot
When His word created man?
Had the evil a place in the mind of Good
When the journey of time began?

Yet today the cry of man's despair
Is echoed as with one breath,
And we search among the herbs of earth
For the power that quickeneth,
And look for peace to the brawl of war,
For life to the shades of death.

If the voice that once thru Eden's groves
Rang: "Adam where art thou?"
Should startle the sons of men away
From their dear bought treasures now,
Must the answer still be "Lo, in fear,
In blindness and shame of brow?"

The Spirit of October

Spirit of the dreamful moon,
Once again, thy form advancing
Comes, amid the forest glancing,
Setting heaven and earth in tune.
Crimson gleams thy robe of splendor,
Heavenly tints thy brow have crowned,
All the air grows soft and tender;
Soothed, as love beside its lover,
Dreams the earth, 'neath lights that cover
Nature's face with glories 'round.

Not the outer world alone,
But within the sacred places
Of the heart thy magic traces
Golden gleams I once have known.
Laid aside with silent weeping,
Covered o'er with dust and dew
Maytime memories are sleeping,
Till, thy breath upon them falling,
To today the past is calling,
And a dead love lives anew.

Change

"Ever thine," thou smilest, "dear one, will I be,
Shall my love not live throughout eternity?"
Ah, thou little know'st how soon thy words shall
 seem
As the empty murmur of a vanished dream.

E'er yon feebly outlined crescent thread of white
Shall have reached her golden, shining round of
 light,
Some indifferent words shall fall upon thine ear,
And a changed world to thy vision shall appear.

Some thought, sleeping in the mind's unused re-
 cess
Yet may rise in strength, with pow'r to curse or
 bless,
Come to thee, a sudden wonder and surprise,
'Twixt the op'ning and the closing of the eyes.

Does the soft voiced wind, blown from a western
 shore,
Augur of the gales the morrow may deplore?
Do the joyous hours that laugh without a tear,
Reck of griefs that washed the cheeks of yester-
 year?

May buds yield to June, and darkness follows
 day;
Men's minds climb from heights to depths, from
 grave to gay;
O'er our heads the shifting cloud-drifts roam and
 range,

Passion dies and hearts grow tired; may'st thou
not change?

What allures today tomorrow may repel;
Evening voices chant thy bright day's funeral
knell;

And the glance that caused some face to shine
today

E'er tomorrow may in coldness turn away.

The Passing of C. E.

The trill of a bird
In the warm air heard,
The wave of a bough of white,
And thru green alleys a bit of clay
Has crossed the day of delight,
Just a bit of clay
On its pitiful way
From tempest and turmoil to rest,
And if hands are not tender old earth is more kind
And takes the worn form to its breast.

"Goodby, goodby, goodby,"
The breezes of April sing low
The dream and the dreamer have parted, and on
Rolls the tides of humanity's flow.

Ah well, lack a day!
'Tis the old world's way,
(Press on, there's a haven ahead)
When vice is early, and justice late,
And stones are given for bread;
And below there's an earth
Of a marvelous birth,
O'erhead there is glory and light,
Somehow Love is present, somewhere there is
peace,
And sometime will wrong be made right.

"Goodby, goodby, goodby,"
Still whisper the breezes so mild,
Sink down to the silence, if vanquished, what care?
Earth covers her storm battered child.

Memories

Upon the swelling hillsides still clothed in summer's
green

Already subtle traces of autumn's touch are seen,
And from the dales the sunlight has pierced with
golden shaft

They come, the ghosts of hours that once have
lived and laughed.

Just a little sweeter than aught that's gone be-
fore,

Just a little fairer than all the future's store;
But all thy tender graces the years have swept
away,

Nothing now is left me but a memory.

Dew and starshine brought thee, moments of de-
light,

Dew and starshine turn my thoughts to thee at night;
Pleasant lies life's pathway, but that which once
the heart

Felt, was not of earthlife, but of heav'n a part.

The Light of Love

Thou lovest? Then rejoice, for on thy soul
The light has fallen that shines upon the way
Which leads from darkness upward into day,
From troubled dreams unto thy spirit's goal.
That light divine hath power to make thee whole!

Fear not to trust thyself unto its ray
Tho now but sorrow may thy toils repay
Thy heart not being schooled in self control.
Be still, 'tis of God's giving; they who love
Have felt His presence and the power thereof.

Lines on A Western Valley

Lightflooded, peacefilled, as the hours that I spent
by thy side,
Lie the low falling fields, in the joy of a summer
day's pride;
O low lying fields that are full of the voices of
birds,
As the long vanished hours were full of the grace
of thy words!

I look on the green and the gold, on the shade and
the sheen,
But the ghost of a flown away glory arises be-
tween,
And no longer the music of gold throated warblers
I hear,
But laughter and voices of viols ring out on the
ear.

The hurrying feet of the wind bend the cool
scented grass,
Even so did the hurrying hours rejoicingly pass,
And it is but a vision of old, born again, that I
greet,
That speaks thru the eyes to the heart from the
vale at my feet.

"Praise Love!" sing the fields and the woods, the
vast blue overhead,
"The sweets of His giving live on when the sor-
rows are dead."
Thrice worth all the burden-bowed days, all the
heartbreaking tears
Is this vision of heaven born joys from the graves
of past years.

Lines on The Death of H. B.

Tune thy lyre, O wind of springtide,
Let thy sweetest numbers wander
Where the boughs of stately cedars
 Cast a softly trembling shade;
In the dusk of fragrant branches
Weave thy songs, for youth and beauty,
Gladsome lips and heart of sunshine
 In their shadow have been laid.

Mixed with sound of wild bees' droning
Day and night thy whispers murmur,
Day and night, soft intonations,
 Sweet as mother's lullaby;
At thy touch the rank-grown grasses
Swing their tufts of seeded tangles,
Tiny creatures of the forest
 Dart among them swift and shy.

There the idle hours linger,
Languorous, with restful pulses,
Spent breaths from the lowhung meadows
 Lie upon the dreaming air;
While yon swiftly flashing vision
Speeding by on lightning pinions
Seems to send a passing greeting
 To the silent sleeper there.

A Dream

Last night, in a dream, you were with me, the
same as of old,
And the oldtime delight, like the summer's breath,
over me rolled,
The strange, sweet delight that has power to change
dust into bloom,
Bring gladness to gloom.

What brought you, O vision of beauty so soft and
so deep?
Unsought, uninvited you entered the gateway of
sleep,
Opened wide the closed doors of a country where
joy lights the ways,
Love hears and obeys.

Did some thot, buried deep beneath the old rub-
bish of days,
Start up from the tomb, like a spectre, to walk the
old ways?
Or did soul, rising free from the flesh's limitations
with power,
Meet soul for one hour?

The Priest

I wonder if ever, when music's strains flow
In waves on the incense sweet air,
In the altar's bright blaze as you kneel, bending low,
Your lips breathing words of a prayer—

Some feeling that long had been hushed into rest,
With no likeness to heavenly fire,
Wakes to sudden, impetuous life in your breast
In a passionate wave of desire.

Did never a yearning, unspoken tho deep,
Turn your musings from objects divine
Away in a strong, irresistible sweep
To the world you have vowed to resign?

Wind and Poplar

What said the wind as it passed this way
Touching your leaves of green
Till they trembled and thrilled in ripples of joy
With a murmur of sighs between?

Did he bring you a tale from wonderful lands
That lie 'neath a foreign sky,
Or was it only a kiss that he stole
As lightly he skurried by?



Immortality

Have I not felt thee, blessed gift of God,
In moments rare, when Soul has felt the sway
Of feelings born not in this earth and day,
And for a space in higher regions trod?
What tho the outward sense doth not perceive
The spirit's pow'r, still held in error's clutch,
This much I know: sometime the magic touch
Which wonders marvelous doth still achieve—
Will yet transform this fragile robe of clay
And outward form's attest Its inward sway

The Answer

I looked about me and shuddered at the view
which met my sight,
The cruel greed that crushes, and the lust that
smiles to blight,
The woe that lives on unheeded, the tears that
are made to fall,
The sin and crime that flourish and trail their
slime thru all
Till my faith began to waver, and I cried in sor-
row and pain:
"Is there none to stand firm and faithful, unshaken
thru loss or gain?
Must Virtue fall on the highway where Vice hath
boldly trod?
In all this struggle and conflict, O tell me, where
is God?"

Then the still, small voice made answer, (O the
peace that the whisper brought!)
"Dost thou look without on the evils the failures
of men have wrought?
Hast thou sought for God without thee, and hast
thou sought in vain?
Go look within and find Him, and thou never
need'st seek again;
To manifest His presence is thy privilege day by
day,
Tho others may stumble and falter thou yet canst
keep the way;
Eternal power upholds thee tho the path thou
never hast trod;
Be true to thyself, and in all things and always
shalt thou see God."

Ein Märchen.

Lizzie M. Schank, Danvers, Ill.

Es war einmal ein Dichter, der wohnte in einer armseligen Hütte, weit ab von dem Lärm der Stadt, nahe an einem schönen Walde.

Die Noth sah oftmals zur Thür hinein, und der Kummer war ihm auch kein Fremdling, und von den Freuden der Welt hatte der arme Dichter noch sehr wenig empfunden.

Wenn er sich einmal hinaus unter die Menschen wagte, kam er meistens enttäuscht zu seiner stillen Waldeßheimath zurück, denn zwischen ihm und jenen da draußen war kein rechter Einflang; sie verstanden ihn nicht, oder er verstand sie nicht.

Was er aber verstand, das war das Rauschen des Windes in den Bäumen, die Sprache der Vögel und das Rollen des Donners.

Und als einmal eine der schönen Frauen aus der großen Stadt einen ganzen herrlichen Sommer in der Waldeßruhe verbrachte, da lernte er auch das wunderbare Gefühl kennen, das die Erde wieder neu macht, und den Himmel in die Seele senkt.

Als aber die Vögel gen Süden zogen, da zog auch die schöne Fremde wieder in ihre Heimath zurück, und nicht nur im Walde waren die süßen Lieder verstummt, auch im Herzen des Dichters wurde es stille.

Und all die Wonne und der Kummer, das Glück und der Schmerz, das sein Herz erschüt-

terte wie ein mächtiger Wind die stolze Eiche bis in die Wurzeln erschüttert, wob er in seine Gedichte und sandte sie in die Welt hinaus.

Und manche fanden Einlaß in Herzen, die gleich ihm Freud und Leid empfunden hatten, aber auch viele kehrten zu ihm zurück.

Da zog er sich immer mehr von den Menschen zurück, und sein Herz wurde immer trauriger, und dazu kam noch, daß seine Armuth immer zunahm, sodaß die Noth nicht nur zur Thür hinein sah, sondern auch den Fuß auf die Schwelle setzte und nicht nur die Seele, auch der Leib des Dichters fing an zu kränkeln.

Da suchte er eines Tages einen Zauberer auf, der im Walde wohnte, von dem gesagt wurde, er habe schon vielen Leuten zum Glück verholfen.

Dem klagte er sein Leid.

Der Zauberer hörte ihm zu, und als er zu Ende war, meinte dieser:

„Dir kann geholfen werden. Ich verspreche Dir Reichthum und Erfolg, wie Du in Deinen schönsten Träumen es Dir nicht vorgestellt hast. Dein Ruhm soll durch die ganze Welt dringen, und Alle werden sich glücklich schätzen, Dich Freund zu nennen; alle Wünsche Deines Herzens sollen erfüllet werden, was Du unternimmst soll Dir gelingen und die Armuth sollst Du nicht mehr kennen. Dies alles werde ich Dir geben, nur Einem sollst Du entsagen.“

„Und das wäre?“

„Der Liebe, die Deine Begleiterin bis hierher gewesen ist. Andere werden Dir dieses Gefühl entgegen bringen, nur Du selbst sollst sie nicht mehr empfinden.“

Der Dichter sann eine Weile nach. „Gut.“ sagte er dann, „ich bin zufrieden. Was will ich mit der Liebe? Die hat mir nur Kummer gebracht und ist schuld an all meinem Elend.“

Er sah nicht das böshafte Blitzen in den Augen des Zauberers, und unter vielen Dankesworten entfernte er sich.

Und wie der Zauberer gesagt hatte, so geschah es.

Seine Lieder fanden plötzlich Gefallen und wurden überall verlangt, und sein Name wurde bekannt durch das ganze Land als der genialste Dichter der Zeit. Leute, die vorher achtlos an ihm vorbei gegangen waren, kamen ihm ehrerbietig entgegen, und er wurde gesucht und gefeiert, wo er erschien.

Die hohen Summen, die seine Werke einbrachten, machten der Armuth bald ein Ende. Ein reicher Bewunderer seines Talentes starb und hinterließ ihm sein ganzes Vermögen.

An der Stelle, wo seine armselige Hütte gestanden hatte, baute er sich ein prachtvolles Schloß und stattete es aus mit den kostbarsten Schätzen.

Eine Weile sonnte sich der Dichter in seinem neuen Glück, und in seinem Herzen dankte er dem Zauberer, der ihm zu allem verholfen hatte.

Doch nach und nach, als die Neuzeit seiner Lage abnahm, überkam ihn manchmal ein Gefühl der Unruhe, und die glänzenden Feste, denen er jetzt bewohnte, fand er zuweilen unnützlich langweilig.

Wohl schlugen ihm viele Herzen entgegen, und süße Lippen und strahlende Augen lachten ihn an, und eine Weile freute er sich an ihnen, doch

wurde er auch ihrer überdrüssig, denn sein Herz blieb unberührt, er hatte ja jedes wärmere Gefühl verloren.

„Was fehlt zu meinem Glück?“ fragte er sich manchmal, wenn er allein an seinem Kaminfeuer saß und seine luxuriöse Umgebung ansah, „ich habe alles was der Mensch braucht, um glücklich zu sein, und doch —“

Er suchte von Neuem Zerstreuung, gleichviel wo er sie fand, bei hohen Geistern, oder unter denen, die nur für rauschende Vergnügungen leben, unbekümmert auf welche Art sie sie finden.

Doch der Dichter hatte die Hoheit seiner eigenen Seele unterschätzt; in der Gesellschaft von Menschen von niedriger Gesinnung fühlte er sich abgestoßen, und Liebe zu heucheln, wo er keine empfand, war ihm unmöglich.

Er machte eine weite Reise und besah die Wunder fremder Länder, und obwohl er staunte und bewunderte, sie besaßen nicht die Macht, sein Herz zu ergreifen wie einst ein lächelnder Frühlingsmorgen, den er von seiner Hütte aus begrüßte.

So wurde das Leben farblos und alt, und zuletzt zogen sich auch die Menschen von ihm zurück; sie fanden auch keinen rechten Gefallen an seinen Liedern mehr, denn nur was vom Herzen kommt findet Wiederklang im Herzen, und ein Dichter ohne Liebe ist ein Herd ohne Feuer.

Und oftmals ging er in den Wald, um die Stelle zu suchen, wo er den Zauberer einst gefunden hatte, aber er fand sie nicht.

„Wo bist Du?“ rief er dann in den Wald hinein, „komm her und befreie mich von jenem unseligen Bündniß und gib mir mein Herz wie-

der, daß ich mich auch an all dieser Herrlichkeit freuen kann.“

Aber der Zauberer kam nicht, und der Wald gab ihm keine Antwort.

Und die Jahre vergingen.

Und als wieder einmal der Frühling sein alljährliches Wunder wirkte, da suchte der Dichter eines schönen Abends wieder einmal den Wald auf. Alles schien sich einer neuen Hoffnung hinzugeben, und als die niedergehende Sonne der Welt einen liebevollen Gutenachtgruß zuzulächeln schien, und hoch oben im Ast eines alten Baumes ein Vogel ein Jubellied anstimmte, da wurde sich der Dichter so recht seines Glends bewußt, und auf seine Knie in das junge Gras fallend, brach er in Thränen aus.

„O barmherziger Schöpfer!“ rief er in seiner Verzweiflung, „nimm mir Alles was ich habe, Gold und Ruhm, das Lob der Welt und all die Pracht, die doch nicht beglückt, und gib mir wieder jenes selige Gefühl, das mich einst erfüllte!“

Lange verharrte er so auf den Knien und als er endlich das Haupt erhob und die Thränen von den Augen wischte, siehe, da stand vor ihm die Eiche, unter deren Schatten er einst den Zauberer gefunden hatte, und den er Jahrelang vergebens gesucht hatte, und auf einem Pfade zwischen den Bäumen kam ihm ein wunderschönes Weib entgegen; die strahlenden Augen schienen gen Himmel zu spiegeln und ein lilienweißes Gewand umfloß den herrlichen Leib.

„Du hast mich lange vergebens gesucht,“ sprach sie, auf den Dichter tretend, „endlich hast Du den richtigen Weg gefunden. Ich bin die Liebe und komme von Gott, den Menschen

ihre Einheit mit ihrem Schöpfer zu offenbaren und wer mich verstößt, der tritt seine eigene Seele mit Füßen.

„Nur wer mir Alles opfert, ist meiner würdig, und weil Du bereit bist, dieses zu thun, soll Dir Alles, was Du besitzest, erhalten werden, und ich werde bei Dir bleiben und Dich nimmer verlassen.“



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